Frans, Amsterdam

I'm a free man in a captive soul chained to a doorknob in house-sized stall and too late, out of control I paid my dues, still I'm on control

but yes I am fine, I am good everything's in like and as it should but are you whit me, fam? my mind is in Amsterdam

so give me your love, baby just tell me you want me, baby so give me your love, baby just tell me you want me, baby

from the ruins that have gone to waste, woo to the akylines that always cease to amazed me

yes I am fine, I am good everything's in like and as it should but are you whit me, fam? my mind is in Amsterdam

so give me your love, baby just tell me you want me, baby so give me your love, baby just tell me you want me, baby

Where I go
where you go
where we gone
Amsterdam
Where I go
where you go
where we gone
Amsterdam
Where I go
where you go
where you go
where you go
where we gone
Amsterdam

said
Where I go
where you go
where we gone
Amsterdam
Where I go
where you go
where we gone
Amsterdam
Where I go
where you go
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